

PS 1294
.C25
1873
Copy 1

Mansion of the Skies:

ACROSTICAL POEM

LORDIS PRATER

London

MANSION OF THE SKIES:

AN

ACROSTICAL POEM

ON THE

Lord's Prayer.

33
By WM. P. CHILTON, JR.

MONTGOMERY, ALA.: 4

BARRETT & BROWN, PRINTERS AND BINDERS.

1873.

PS 1294

.C25

1873

Entered in 1873, according to Act of Congress, by
WM. P. CHILTON, JR.,
in Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

The Lord's Prayer, so universally read and adopted, will admit of no denominational dedication of any Poem, suggested either by its beautiful language or devotional sentiment; and in approval of that liberality of opinion which holds mere sectarian differences in subordination to the spirit and common aim of christianity, this volume is respectfully inscribed by the author

TO SABBATH SCHOOLS.



MANSION OF THE SKIES.



Oh ! sweet celestial Home—yon gilded sky—
Undimm'd in radiance for endless years,
Regaled in beauty for eternity !
Fain would I sing the Bliss which there appears,
Away, from life's wearied cares and tears ;
The Peace, which lasting springs in that abode—
Hallowed Home—where love nor joys corrode !

II.

Every glance of the enraptured eye,
Revealeth beauty in that realm above ;
Where glimmering Orbs, which in splendor vie,
Harmoniously 'round their centre move,
Obedient to sure behests of love :
All, with music of the spheres, in time,
Roll on, in pure accord, and sacred chime !

III.

Thou spirit, that the bright Seraphic Throng
Inspir'th with accent sweet, and gladsome praise,
Now lend thine aid enchant'ng ; and may my song,
Heav'n's poesy portray, in beauteous lays,
Enrap't by blissful dream of Halcyon days.
All, vain must be, save with thy sacred fire ;
Vain else, I'd now invoke my humble Lyre.



IV.

Enkindle anew, thine angelic flame !
Nor cease to linger near, while I portray,
How, man in his creation pure and name,
And divine image made, tho' human way,
Lost the bright joys of Eden's blissful day ;
Lost his high estate, and was doomed to roam,
O'er the wide world, 'way from his peaceful home.

V.

When from the beauteous scenes of Paradise,
'Driven—he moved, in penitence and pain,
Before his Maker ; no valued prize
Enrapturing him ; nor hope to regain
The joys of Eden ; 'til in purest strain,
His Soul, enliven'd, by the voice which gave,
Youthful hope to him, journeying to the Grave.

VI.

Nor sweeter hope to man, could e'er unfold,
As in Harmony which transcends the grave ;
Making to blend, the human form and soul ;
Each of finished touch, by him who gave,
The vitalizing power, divine, to Save.
Heaven's glory no mortal mind may scan ;
Yon sweet orb'd sky bounds all human ken.

VII.

Knowledge seraphic, there, alone can pry
Into Empyrean glories afar,
Never appearing to the finite Eye !
God is the gracious bestower ; no jar
Dost seem along those giddy heights ; but star,
On star revolving, each at his command,
Makes sure the glory of that better land.

VIII.

Can man, so frail a creature of the dust,
O'ercast by beauties of th' eternal sphere,
Mad ~~by~~ by skill divine, that doth adjust
Every revolving orb : can man declare,
There is no creator of works so fair ?
How grandly speak, the shining orbs his name,
Yon countless suns, that light the Wond'rous Frame !

IX.

Who is God—whence sprang his mighty power,
Infused in all created realms, and space ;
Leaving its 'print, on every tree and flower,
Lingering on all nature's varied face,
Bearing 'long with beauty, matchless ~~grace~~,
Enliv'ning, in our weary journey on,
Doth plainly seem to Deity alone.

X.

On yon bright Pearly Home, and seraph land,
No blemish doth there seem ; and angels trace,
Every work complete by the skillful hand
Of Providence ; tho' sin did once embrace,
No meagre part, of that celestial place ;
Encountering Heaven's peace and holy Love,
Awak'ning the angelic hosts above.

XI.

'Round the Majestic Throne, sin could not dwell ;
The fair angelic throng went forth, as one,
Heaven inspired, the God-like Michael ;
Against the embattled hosts of Abaddon ;
Swiftly to meet the fiery demon.
In divine favor, Seraphs, soon proclaim,
The cause triumphant, in Jehovah's name.

XII.

In divine Tribunal, was a decree,
Sending the Dragon hence, that blest abode ;
In chains of terror he was loth to see,
New evil, which his dam'ning guilt forebode ;
Heavenward he gazed in revengeful mood ;
Every hope now lost, deepest despair,
Awakes his soul, in dismal musing, there.

XIII.

Vainly still these banished spirits seek,
Even the will of Heaven to oppose ;
No glad'ning words the cheerless ones could speak,
Grieved that their celestial reign may close ;
In vain, ~~do~~ some essay, to interpose ;
Vain now seek, to change the dire command,
Ever driving them from the peaceful land.

XIV.

United in the bonds of Holy Love,
Seraphs mingle praise with joy unfeigned :
That discord from the happy scenes above,
Had to Apollyon, winged its way, and reigned,
In distant realms, where hope ne'er more obtained ;
Sweet contrast is the joy, and peaceful rest,
Dwelling in the sinless home of the blessed.

XV.

Away from God's Kingdom, the Dragon turned ;
Yet pined he, for the glory of command
On High, that his power might be returned :
Unnumbered schemes, to repossess that land,
Renewed his strength, and his despairing band ;
Defeated still, in each fond hope to reign,
Ambition, leads him other worlds to gain.

XVI.

In deep darkness of despair, now chained—
 Lingered there no hope within his breast ;
 Yet for evil potent, he ne'er refrained,
 Because of his dire punishment, to 'rest
 Reason's sway, which made him so oppressed ;
 Every aim was his and fixed desire,
 Away from God to 'stablish his empire.

XVII.

Dwelling in majestic grandeur, supreme,
 Among the fallen angel spirits there ;
 Never ceasing, as a bright foaming stream,
 Dashing in ~~the~~ raging current far and near—
 Fixedly to war, 'gainst all to Heaven dear ;
 O'er fairest fields, his emissaries move,
 Resolved, against the beauteous land of love.

XVIII.

God the earth now fashioned by sweet command,
 In form and beauty peerless ; and by word,
 Vision gave, of wonders, that o'er the land
 Each day were formed—Hand work of the Lord !
 Unmatched wisdom of the Triune God !
 Six days in all, creation, He could span ;
 On the seventh rested, and this gave to man.

XIX.

Upon the new made Orb a Paradise—
 Redolent with odors, from flowery vale,
 That received its impress from the skies—
 Received the loveliness, which did regale,
 Every tree how fragile, or flower frail—
 Seemed a peaceful Home, with joy to reign,
 Perchance, where sorrow would ne'er come again.

XX.

Amid this skill divine, and wondrous frame,
Scenes of beauty, and of works so fair—
Satan, in Eden came, with artful name,
Enticing Eve, of matchless beauty there ;
Smoothly he spake, and her fond hopes impair :
All his machinations in deep disguise,
Seem thus to robe in Livery of the skies.

XXI.

When evening's shade, its mantle casts o'er day—
Ere the close—Adam, 'mong favored bowers
Free, wandered, with saddened heart ; no ray
Of hope was his, nor cheer by earth's sweet flowers ;
Rest came ne'er more, but long and weary hours ;
God's mercy still prevailed, as he did move,
In silence pure, along the trembling grove.

XXII.

Voice of Jehovah ! Pure commanding tone,
Eden fair resounded—now to declare,
The soul thrilled sentence, from Divine Throne ;
How deeply grieved our first parents were !
On the serpent vile, Eve her sin laid bare ;
So Adam, by Eve's syren voice, so sweet
Entranced, the forbidden fruit did eat.

XXIII.

Where now is hope in Eden's beauteous plan—
Has reason yielded now to fell despair ?
Oh no ! God a dear promise gives to man,
The only Son, who made the earth so fair—
Redeemer of mankind in glory—where,
Ever liveth he, in the Father's name,
Sin to atone, as death he overcame.

XXIV.

Paradise on Earth, never more could be,
A joyous home for man, but lost estate ;
Scrowing care and toil, was the decree,
Sealed in Heaven, which Angels there relate ;
And Cherubim, then guard the eastern gate.
Gabriel, pity'ng—a sweet voice doth lend,
As our Parents, their weary way now wend.

XXV.

Inspired with new hope Paradise to gain,
Now promised of the celestial land—
Sweet incense, in music's delightful strain,
To Heaven ascends ; and there, mid Seraph's band,
United song, resounds the far famed strand :
Sweetly the echoing spirit gives the soul
A joyed release from Satan's grasping fold.

XXVI.

Now with Abel's incense—offering pure,
Dawned a bright hope, of the land of rest—
Laden with glories, alway to endure—
Ever joyful, as Heaven's rich bequest—
A peaceful happy Home, forever blessed :
Deemed our Maker, the offering of Cain,
Unmingled with a feeling of disdain.

XXVII.

Sweet Spirit ! from thy happy sphere serene,
Now linger, o'er this love communion pure,
Of man, and Creator ; this gloried scene,
That callest from the soul, in faith secure,
Its fond rejoicings of delight, now pure ;
Ne'er sweeter chime along Heaven's Archway ran,
Than welcomed this blest gift of hope, to man.

XXVIII.

O'er the land in rapid flight of time,
The vilest sin prevail'th in deed and aim ;
Evil imaginings that lead to crime,
Making Jehovah grieve, that He could claim,
Perchance, few followers only, in his name ;
Tho' Enoch pure, then walked in peace with God,
And Noah in faith, crossed the mighty flood.

XXIX.

This humble prophet a warning voice did raise
In pity, for the sins of men, so vile,
O'er the land proclaiming for many days ;
Nor did they cease from sin, but durst revile,
Because of unbelief, which them beguile :
Until remorse graspeth the guilty soul,
That sees the truth the messenger had told.

XXX.

Deriding once, now men, the world would give,
Even the face to see—long laughed, to scorn ;
Lingered with them still, a hope to live ;
In vain they cry, and bitterly they mourn ;
Vain, now wish, that man had ne'er been born :
Ere long, avenging wrath, pours from the clouds,
Rushing o'er every plain, and Nature shrouds !

XXXI.

Unseen, Seraph's now weep o'er the Fall—
Sweetly, there spans all Natures verdant *Lea*,
Fair and beautiful, the bow of promise ; all,
Regaled in matchless beauty, for the eye
Of man—a shining covenant on High—
Mingling its bright'ning hues with tinted sky ;
Each gilded with impress of Divinity.

XXXII.

Viewing the beauteous token that gilds,
In vivid colorings, the wide expanse of blue—
Love springs forth freely as gushing rills,
Flowing thro' flowery ~~Lea~~, of varying hue,
O'er fairest fields—gladdening each anew :
Rekindled hope, awakes with promised rest,
Through Abram—that all Nations should be blessed.

XXXIII.

How merciful, Oh God ! Thou art to man,
In all Thy ways ! how bountiful in grace !
Never failing—as with the shepherd's band,
Egyptian reign fleeing, and Pharaoh's face—
In timely gifts, Thy hand divine, could trace :
So as we journey to the promised land,
Thine be the glory for fair, sweet Canaan.

XXXIV.

Hope brightly kindles with each fleeting year,
Ere-long the truth, to see, in Prophecy,
King Messiah, in glory to appear—
In Power, yet love, and divine majesty;
Never more to yield his sceptered sway:
Going forth, in humble way to claim
Dominion on Earth in the Father's name,

XXXV.

Oh ! gloried promise of prophetic ken !
Mad'st Angels, and Magi pure, acclaim,
As the Chosen Orb—celestial token—
Near lingered, where our Savior first ~~was~~ ^{had} lain—
Dazzling in its bright ethereal reign—
Through boundless realms the joyous tidings ring,
Hailing the advent of Emanuel King.

XXXVI.

Ere-long the power of Divinity is seen,
Perfected in Messiah's human form :
Oh! Pure blending of Heaven in Nature's mien,
Wherein is strength, to quell the raging storm,
Even the troubled waters to transform ;
Relief bestoweth, by atoning grace,
And death makes joy in Jesus' shining face.

XXXVII.

Nor was Emanuel from sorrow free,
Descended he from Heaven, in sacrifice,
The bitterness to find in Gethsemane ;
He turned in love from thence, his tearful eyes,
Even for mercy, to his Father cries ;
Great tho' his grief, and deepest agony,
Love and Faith crown him with true majesty.

XXXVIII.

On the accursed tree our Savior hangs,
Radiant His face, tho' grieved in pain ;
Yonder Heavens darken o'er the bitter pangs,
Fastened on the Lamb of God now slain ;
O'er him Angels hover in beauteous train,
Rend the Temple's veil afore human eyes,
Earth trembles and martyr'd Saints arise.

XXXIX.

Verily! this was the Son of God now slain!
Even from the seal'd portals of the grave
Rekindled love with Angels pure acclaim,
Away the stone rolleth—and Heaven gave
New glory to Him the fallen world did save.
Despised he was—still Mary Magdalene
Ev'r lingers where his body once ~~was~~ ^{had} lain.

XL.

Vision of undimmed beauty 'yond the skies
Enraptures Him, wreathed in immortal Peace ;
Rests he on Earth, save as few kindred ties
Awake the soul to sweet communion's bliss.
Midst praise, man's intercessor pure, his
Ever bright and peaceful home ascends !
Now His joyed spirit with the Father blends.



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 016 211 648 4